

will raise by April 1, nearly \$500. (See Brother Cassel's report this week.) There are very few congregations in this brotherhood that are poorer financially than ours and membership smaller; and as this church is to be rather a memorial church, I think we have done well. In other words, if all the churches in the brotherhood would give accordingly we would have funds enough to build in Chicago and Dayton and then some.

Brother Nielson, Conemaugh tells about the fight against the saloon in that town. We regret that every county in the country does not have a judge who judges righteously as does this man who interprets law in Cambria county, Pa. Keep up the fight: as long as you are engaged in that kind of work you are in direct line with the work of the blessed Master, for he came to destroy the works of the devil, and if the devil has any works on this earth, (we presume there is no doubt about it) the saloon is surely one of them. Of all the institutions in the land that turn out unadulterated devilishness, the saloon stands preeminently at the head. One can see a reason for the existence of an institution which has some good in it, even if ever so little, but why a civilized people should permit the saloon to exist has always been a mystery to us, for it has not a single redeeming feature about it: not one, it is evil and evil only. It is a breeder of crime, iniquity of every sort, a destroyer of everything that has an element of goodness in it, a blasphemous, iniquitous nefarious institution which has created a hell on this earth more terrible than any described by the most orthodox theologian of the sixteenth century as a place of punishment.—please pardon this momentary outburst of righteous anger, we meant to make personal mention of the noble work being by Brother Koontz and his workers. Three accessions are reported to the Conemaugh congregation.

Brief Notes

Meditation: One of the lost arts.

Secret Prayer: A habit said to be characteristic of a former generation.

Love your neighbor as yourself: A precept suitable for religion but not for business.

Thou shalt not kill:—unless you do it in a wholesale manner, when it becomes glorious war, and promotes the advance of civilization.

True freedom does not consist in the power of choice, but in the quality of choice. "He that committeth sin is the servant of sin."

Personal communion with God is the mountain peak of Christian experience. Now and then one climbs to its exalted summit, and to him it becomes a mount of vision and glory.

If God has a definite plan for us, and we are not only willing but greatly desirous that he carry it out, then there should be an end to worry, and an end to that corroding discontent which is the bane of so many lives.

The only real doer in the world is the real believer. It is the central and generic fact in every walk of life, in business, in science, in religion, that he who doubts is damned, but that he who believes succeeds, conquers, triumphs, reaches the throne and the crown.

Some one asked a devout Arab of the desert how he knew there was a God. "How do I know," he answered, "whether it was a man or a camel that passed my tent in the night? I know by the footprints. Pointing to the sun just setting in his glory, he asked: 'Whose footprint is that?' " How do we know that our religion is of God, I mean that which is in our hearts. There are the footprints of Love, Holiness, Purity, Peace, Hope, Joy. Whose are they?

Dr. McArthur says that the religion of Christ must settle the differences between capital and labor. Yes, if they only take the medicine. They wouldn't when

he was on earth, and we don't see that they are any more inclined to do it now. He said to one capitalist: "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor." The investment didn't suit Mr. Moneybags at all. The common people heard him gladly, but they too did a deal more hearing than obeying.

A girl with a mania for poisoning her friends was confined in a lunatic asylum. If she is able to think all there is to be thought on the subject, she must be oppressed with the sense of unfairness in her treatment. There are disseminators of moral and spiritual poison who are not locked up in a madhouse, tho it would be well for society if they were. It would take a big one to hold all the writers, editors, preachers, lecturers, teachers, who might justly be labeled 'poisoners.'

An Italian who poisoned several bullets so as to be sure of killing an enemy accidentally shot himself with one of them, but had time enough before he died to reflect upon the righteousness of his retribution. Men of intellectual ability who are engaged in the dissemination of corrupt doctrines, denials of God and his word, perhaps do not stop to reflect that the poisoned message which they are sending out into the world will return to plague and to destroy their own souls. It would have been well for the eternal peace of many a man if he had been denied the gifts which he has abused to his own hurt and the hurt of others.

A curious freak of the soil is threatening to upset the big battle monument at Trenton, N. J. There seems to be a gradual upheaval, lifting the immense weight of the monument, and tilting it gradually to one side. The circumstance reminds us of that future upheaval prophesied in the Bible, which will upset all the monuments of human industry and pride. It is said that the cities of the nations will fall, but whether it has a material application or not, certain it is that all the monuments of human greed, error, unbelief, all systems of thought or philosophy or government, or social order not based upon the everlasting principles of brotherhood, truth and equity, will be overturned.

A Catholic priest of Patterson, N. J., issued an order at a recent funeral debarring flowers. The custom of sending wreathes, crosses and other symbolic designs in flowers to rest upon the coffin savored too much of ostentation and display to suit the ideas of the priest, and so he said it should stop, so far as his church was concerned. A priest is lord and master in his own church, and what he says goes. This particular one expressed the opinion that the money spent for flowers might better go to the dead man's dependents. In cities where flowers cost a great deal of money, and where the slavery of custom is so pronounced, there may appear to be some reason in the attitude of the priest. But where a beautiful flower laid on the bier or the grave of a loved one by the hand of affection speaks of the resurrection hope, it has seemed to us to be a commendable act.

Major Jones of Toledo, Ohio, the socialistic leader who seems to have so large a following in that section, expresses great sympathy for wealthy idlers. This sympathy is not general, but at the same time there are good grounds for the belief that a wealthy idler is not the happiest man in the world. Neither the making, having or spending of money is calculated to give happiness. There are limits to the excitement of the dollar nerve. The intelligent student of the faces of the wealthy fails to discover the external signs of exuberant bliss. Among the class of the most miserable can be found plenty of the kind who have been robbed by the possession of wealth of all incentive for effort. They have nothing to do, they are miserable, and they look it.

A new theatre is to be erected in New York which is to be called the "folly" theatre. Admirable name. In view of the stern and eternal realities of life, its issues which take hold upon the countless ages to come, what can be more pitiful than the puerilities of the playhouse? There the many thousands of grown men and women, particularly those who have nothing

in the world to do but to spend the money that other people's labor has made, assemble night after night to see some bright young people make fools of themselves. It is folly. The Bible says it is folly. Death says it is folly. Eternity says it is folly, and some candid soul in the profession of folly has rightly named the place where Folly sits like a Queen, throned and crowned.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters, a minister of the Congregational church in New York, a preacher of national reputation, has renounced his creed because it contains infant baptism, and has joined the Baptists. He gave as his reason that he was unable to swallow infant baptism, convinced as he had been that the Bible taught the baptism of believers. The incident has given rise to considerable comment in religious circles where it is generally interpreted as a sort of echo of a rapidly passing era of doctrinal controversy. For every man who changes his church relationship there arises a dozen to take his place. There isn't anybody big enough to swing the world out of its orbit by swapping chairs.

The editor of a Cranfield, N. J. newspaper wants a fool killer sent to his town. We wonder if this editor has reflected upon his own personal danger in such an event? It might be a great kindness to him if the fool killer would stay away. There are very few people in the world, suffering as we are from the painful limitations of wisdom, discretion and judgment to which we are all subject, who would not be fat and promising victims of the fool killer at one time or another. We are all prone to say and do foolish things, and need very much to pray daily for that divine wisdom which has been promised liberally to our asking. No man is so divinely gifted that he can lean confidently to his own understanding.

It is stated that a certain Dr. Herbert J. Knapp, an eminent Brooklyn physician has discovered a new remedy for blindness, and that in several instances he has restored sight to individuals who have been blind for many years. If this is true, and if it is a remedy which admits of a wide range of application, its discoverer will go down in history as one of the greatest benefactors of the race. This office of restoring sight to the blind, not merely the physically blind, but those who had the worse affliction of mental and spiritual blindness, belongs to Christ. His coming brings light to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, a darkness more dense and more terrible than that of blind eyes.

Goshen, Ind.

Glorious news from Elkhart on "Decision Day" in the Sunday school. Five stood up for Christ, and one two weeks before. Good congregations. The church seems to be in better condition than for several years. Brethren, pray for us.

Dunlaps — Was greeted with good congregation at last service. This church is alive to all good work. The Washington church will hear from this place.

Pleasant View.—We are moving along as well as can be expected. Good congregations most of the time. There are some noble brethren at this place. Pray for us.

A. R. BEMENDERFER.

Indiana and Michigan Items

The 11th was our regular day at the chapel church. Sunday evening one renewed her relation with the church. Tuesday evening at prayer meeting in Akron three confessed the Savior and said they were willing to walk with us. Thus we can report four more brought into the fold. Our work here is taking on new life and we look for a year of blessings in this church.

W. H. MILLER.